

I Love You More Than You Will Ever Know

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Summary: One-shot. Michael-x-Jamie. H6 doesn't exist. Michael didn't want to kill Jamie. No, quite the opposite. 7 years after H5. Michael thinks about how he feels about his niece. FLUFF. AU, fo' real . ;D T for incest

I Love You More Than You Will Ever Know

Okay, new story for a HORROR FILM SECTION ? O:

That's how I roll . . . . In the deep ;DDD

I'm going to Hell for this .

Alright, a one-shot . Michael-x-Jamie .

Pray for me ? I'll love you forever . Thanks ;DDDD

Summary: One-shot. Michael-x-Jamie. H6 doesn't exist. Michael didn't want to kill Jamie. No, quite the opposite. 7 years after H5. Michael thinks about how he feels about his niece. FLUFF. AU

DISCLAIMER: I DO NOT OWN ANY COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL THAT YOU RECKONIZE FROM THE Halloween Series . I ALSO DO NOT OWN THE MOVIES NOR HAVE I MADE ANY SORT OF PROFIT FROM THIS . . . . . Besides having a reason to go skating . xDDD

\_\*I Love You More Than You Will Ever Know (That's an amazing song & you should look it up (: Never Shout Never, honey :DDD)\*\*\_

All his life in Smith's Grove, Michael never had experienced an emotion. None at all. His eyes were blank and as black as the night. He didn't feel anything. Nothing at all. When he escaped the ward the first time in '78, he killed several people, having no remorse in taking their innocent lives. And going after his own sister, Michael didn't care. It was like he just tried killed an insignificant, pesky fly. It never bothered him.

Why, all of the sudden, did he start to feel actual human feelings that he hadn't experienced since he was six? And why was it all for his niece? The same niece he had tried to hard to murder many years ago. He didn't understand at all what he felt for the younger girl.

So, there he sat on the corner of his bed in Smith's Grove, concentrating on one single feeling that stood out. What was it? Michael knew he hadn't felt it in ages. Was it lo-

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of Dr. Loomis approaching his cell.

"Micheal," he began, "you have a visitor."

The killer tilted his head to the side.

Dr. Loomis understood. "Jamie."

Jamie? His heartbeat quickened. Why had she come to see him? Last year she came ever week to see him because Dr. Loomis had told her she was the only one who could "stop the rage". But, she just came for his therapy sessions, not for actual visits. Why now?

He began to unlock the cell door, allowing five security guards to enter the room. They chained his hands and ankles and led him towards his therapy room. On the way Dr. Loomis explained that he was going to be in the room also. With his revolver.

They rounded a corner, coming to a hallway with doors on each side. The doctor stopped on the second one to the left and opened it. He motioned for the group of guards to follow him.

In the room were three chairs surrounding a table. One chair was already occupied by a girl about 16 years of age.

Jamie. His stomach twisted in knots and his hands started to shake slightly. She didn't look happy, more nervous. She nodded at Dr. Loomis but avoided Michael.

Dr. Loomis addressed the guards. "Thank you all. Over there in that chair, across from Jamie."

They led him over to the chair, pulling it out so he could sit. With his hands still bound together, they left the room and stood outside the door.

"So," Loomis started, "Jamie, why are you hear?"

She cleared her throat, staring down at her hands. "It's more of a private matter." Jamie timidly looked up at the doctor.

"Would you like me to leave?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you," she answered him.

Loomis nodded and reached into his pocket, pulling out his gun. "Use it if you need to." He set it on the table in front of her.

Her eyes widened in horror as he left the room. She nudged it off to the side, laying her elbows on the table. "Michael."

He looked up, the mask was never taken off of him, afraid that he would be come very violent.

"Why... How have you been?"

Her uncle just continued to stare at her.

"You haven't escaped. That's.. good." Jamie started to fidget in her seat. "I've been having.. dreams. Not scary, not pleasant. But, you are in them. You aren't out to kill me, but..." She paused. "Nevermind. It's silly. There was no point coming out here." The 16 year old got up, pushed her chair in and grabbed the revolver. She walked towards the door, stopping when she felt a hand grab her wrist. Jamie jumped in surprise, instantly raising the small gun, aiming it at her uncle. She didn't get a chance to pulled the trigger as she saw, out of the corner of her eye, that he was pointing at the chair she had just left a moment ago.

"You want me to sit down?" The teenager asked in disbelief.

Michael replied with a small nod, almost barely noticable.

Jamie began to back away towards her chair on the opposite side of the table where the phsyco killer sat. Once seated, she started up another conversation.

"Why?"

He cocked his head as if he didn't understand what she meant.

"Why did you want me to stay?" Jamie pressed on, "Is there something you want to tell me?"

\_I LOVE YOU! \_Michael thought. \_Don't you see it?\_ He wondered what his expression might look like. Would she know how he felt if he took off his mask? Maybe, maybe not. But, it was worth a shot. He began to pull off the white rubber mask, having second thoughts after laying it aside on the table.

He watched his niece's eye widen and stare at him in confusion. Michael knew what she was thinking.

\_I LOVE YOU! \_Those words replayed over and over in his head. \_I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!\_ Again and again. \_Don't you realize it?\_

Jamie was still in utter disbelief. Michael began to grow frustrated. Why didn't she get it?

Getting even more desprated as each second went by in scilence, he tried to speak. He never tried after he killed his sister when he was six, finding no reason to. His first attempt sounding like her was being strangled. \_'I'! Just try and say 'I'! Come on! \_ Michael urged himself to get the word out.

"I?" Jamie asked timidly, unsure if she should help him.

He slightly nodded. \_'Love'. One syllable. You can do it! \_Michael

focused on the first sound, 'L'. He forced his vocal chords to form the word, failing miserably. He saw out of the corner of his eye a sheet of paper with a green crayon. Michael snatched them up and wrote in scribbly letters 'I love you!' He folded it in half and passed it across the table to his niece.

Jamie eyed the sheet of paper, carefully picking it up. She opened it, reading the message on the inside out loud, "I love you...?" Her eyes widened and darted to the opposite side of the table. It made sense now. He removed his mask as a way to prove he did. She noticed something, her uncle's eyes weren't blank, they actually held an emotion. \_Love. \_And he was... smiling? "What kind of sick joke is this?" Jamie mentally slapped herself as she watched his expression falter. She brushed her dark hair out of her eyes.

Michael replied by shaking his head, never taking his gaze of the younger girl. It wasn't a joke, far from it. He truly ment it. He really loved her.

"But why?" She asked softly, almost inaudible.

He pulled his hands away from eachother, causing the restraints to snap in half. The sound made Jamie jump in surprise. She stood up, shakily making her way over to him. Step by step, the teenager got closer to her murderous uncle. Standing only a few inches away from where he stood, she threw her arms around his neck. Michael flinched in surprise, but after a moment wrapped his hands protectively around her waist.

Jamie whispered in a hushed voice so only Michael could hear, "I love you more than you will ever know."

**\*\*A/N: \*\*The end (: I'm surprised how this came out (: Review & tell me if you like it :D**

**\_\*\*REVEIW\*\*\_ !**

End  
file.